

SMILIN' ED'S

# Buster Brown

COMICS

Book  
No. 18



*Kids*—Listen in every Saturday morning  
WKY-KVOO 10:30 A.M.

McCLAIN'S SHOES

ALVA

OKLA.





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





*Hurry on down to the Jingle Bells Jubilee!*

Every buddy and sweetheart will find the  
Christmas party shoe they want at the  
Jingle Bells Jubilee. Pick your favorite from  
these on the back cover, tell Mom you  
"gotta have good old Buster Brown Shoes."





# SMILIN' ED

## BUILDS A HOUSE

*With the help of his radio gang*

HEH-  
HEH-  
HEH!!

WELL, WELL-IT'S  
MIGHTY NICE OF ALL  
YOU FOLKS TO COME  
HERE TO HELP ME  
BUILD MY HOUSE...

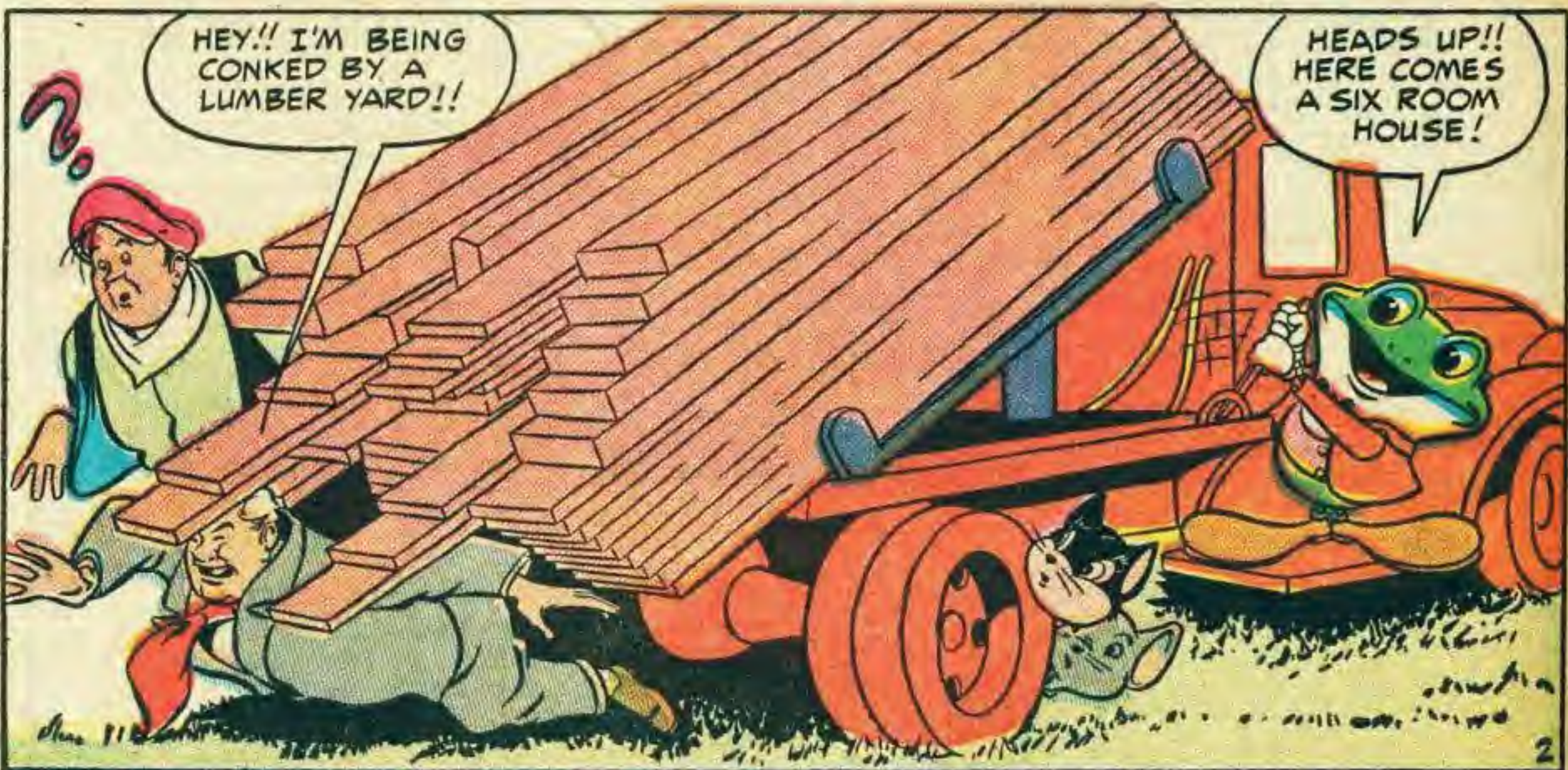
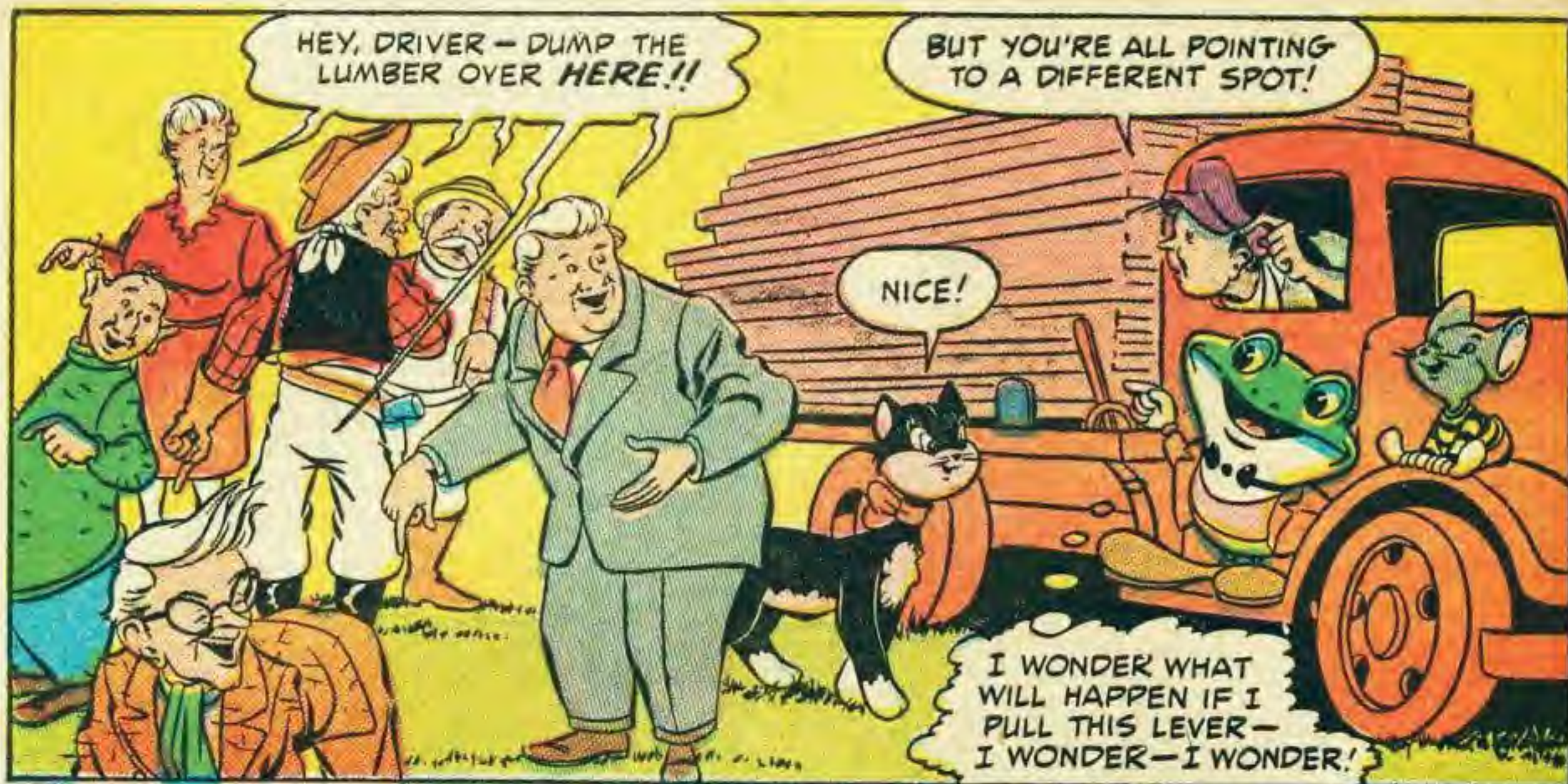
I CAN JUST SEE  
THIS CUTE LITTLE  
BUNGALOW OF  
ABOUT FOURTEEN  
ROOMS WITH  
A POOL!!

WAL, WE PLUMB KNEW THAT  
BUILDIN' A HOUSE WAS QUITE  
A JOB, SMILIN' ED - SO WE  
JUST ANKLED OVER TO HELP!

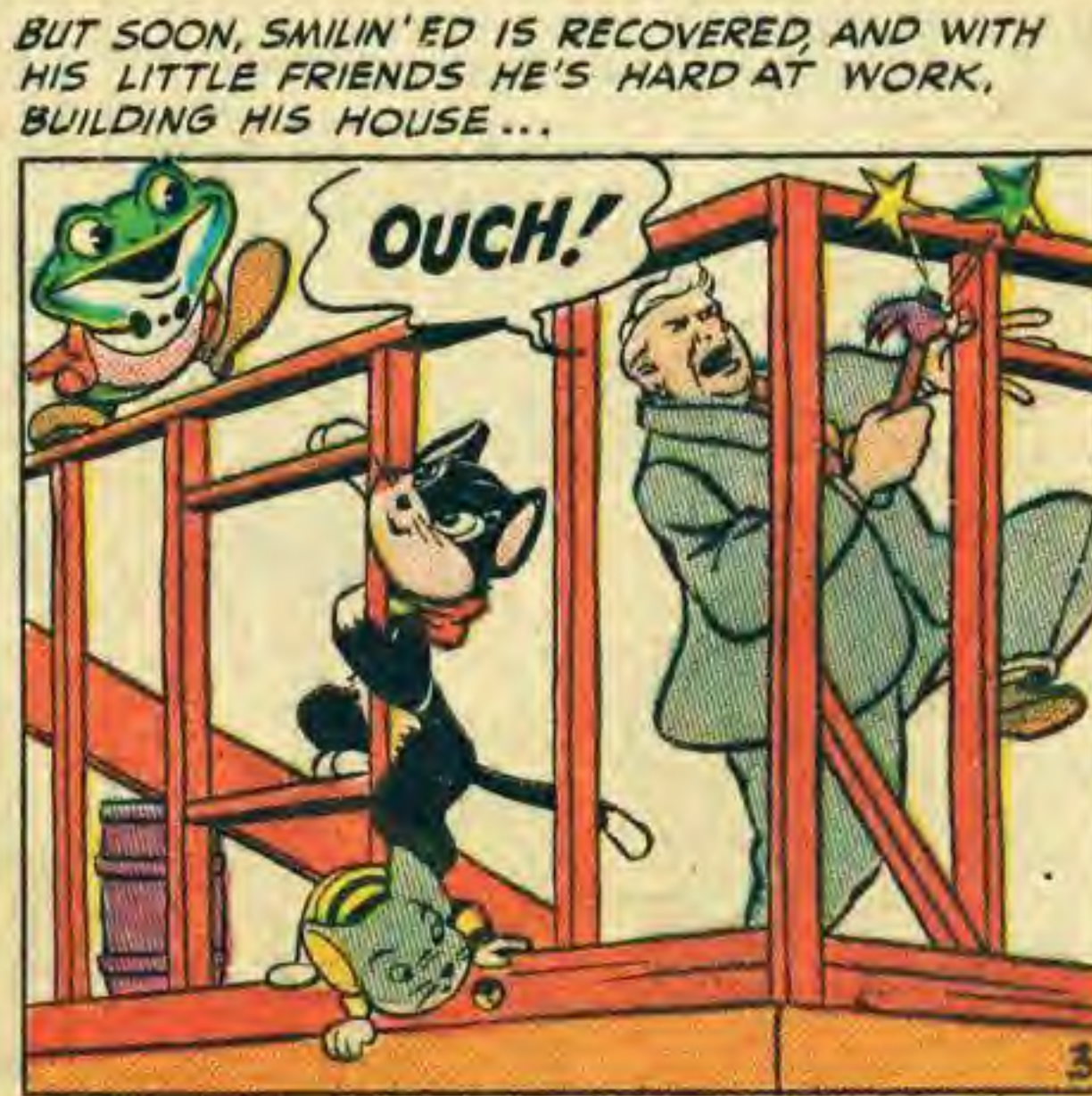
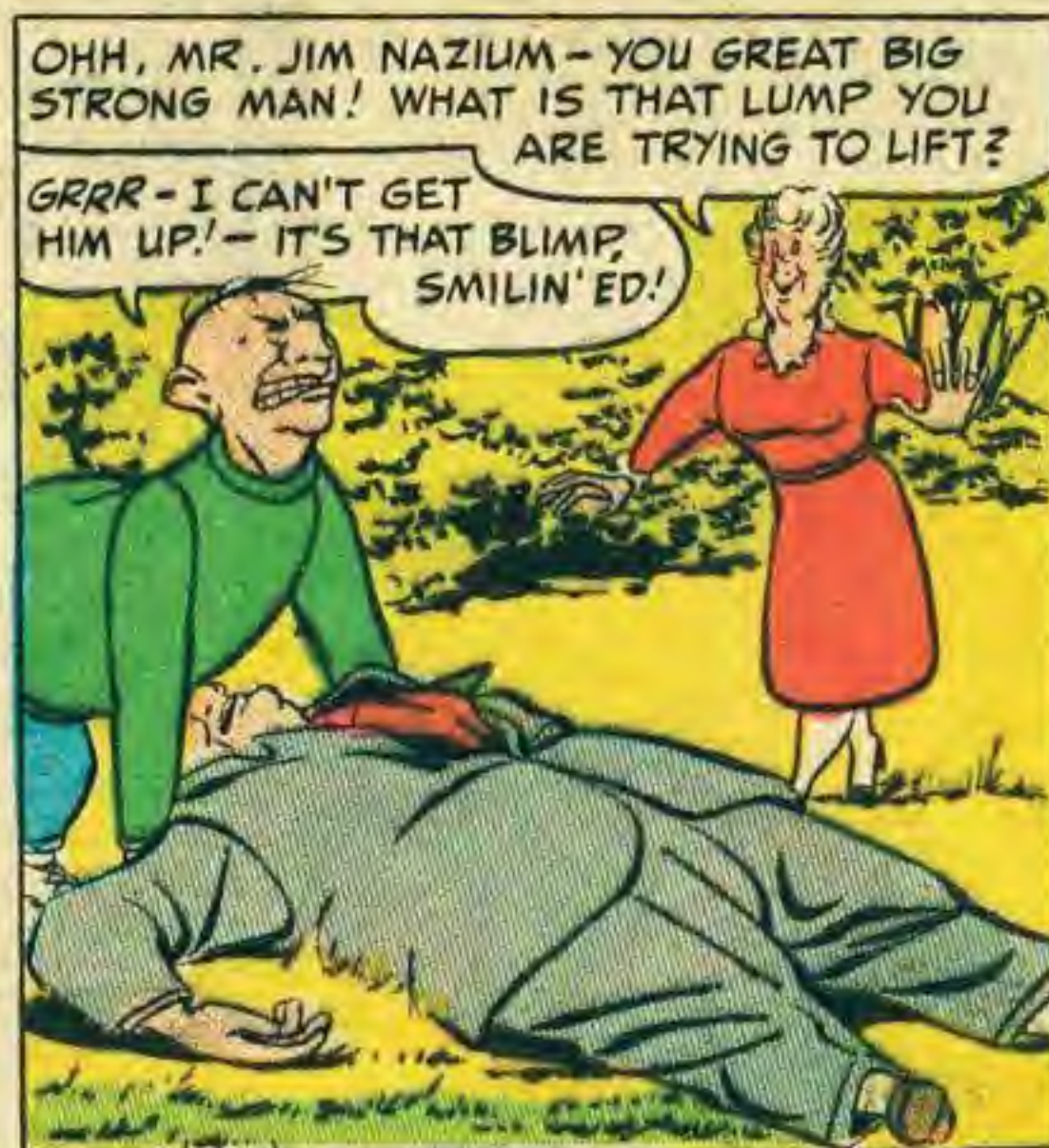
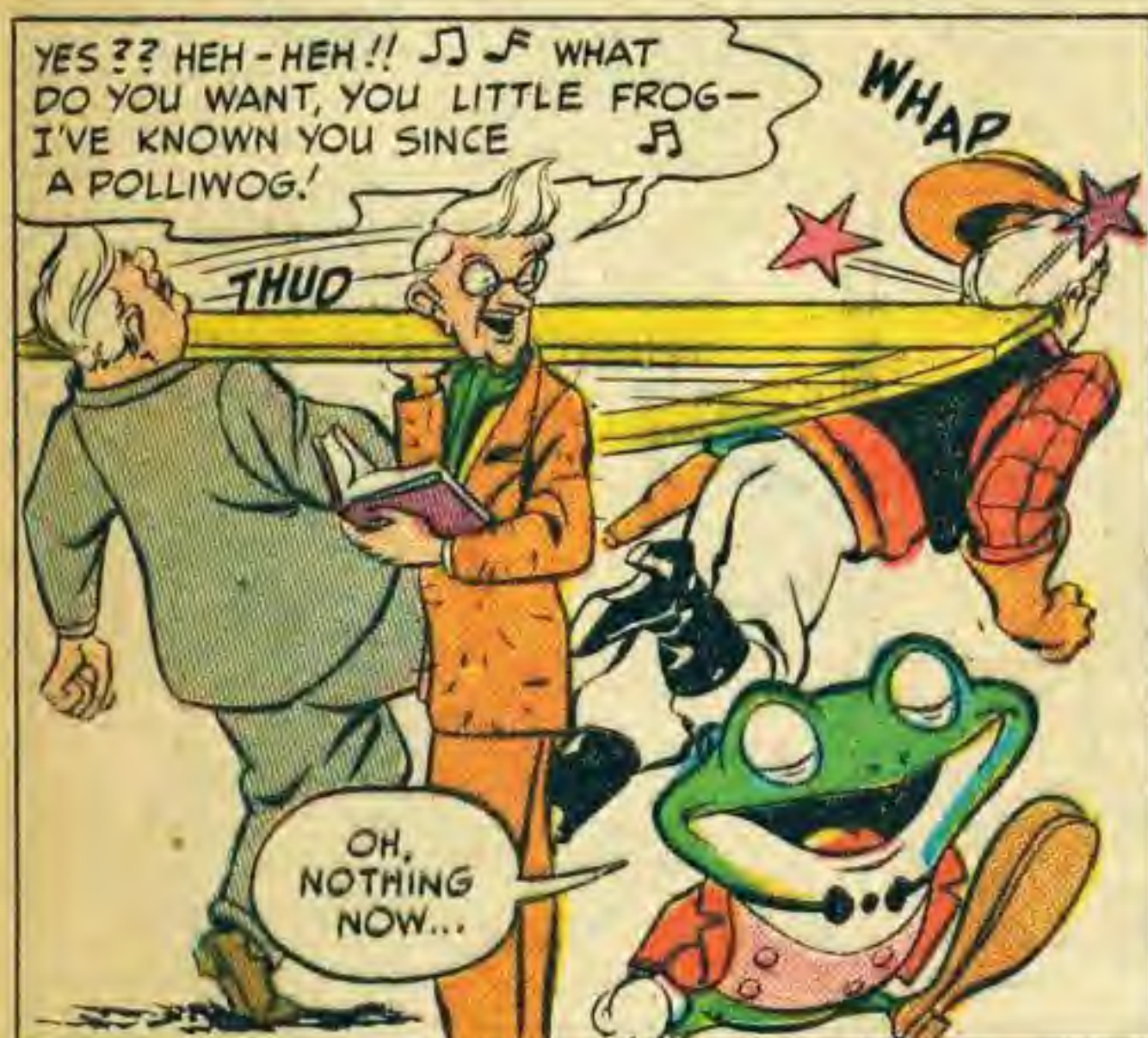
HEY, SMILIN' ED - I'VE  
GOT MY STEAM SHOVEL  
READY TO DIG YOUR  
CELLAR ANY TIME YOU  
SAY THE WORD!

**S** MILIN' ED DECIDES TO BUILD A HOUSE, AND HE ASKS THE HELP OF HIS FRIENDS, MR. TRAVELLER THE EXPLORER, ALKALI PETE THE OLD WESTERNER, MRS. TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT, JIM NAZIUM THE ATHLETE, MR. SHORTFELLOW THE POET, AND OF COURSE, SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE, MIDNIGHT THE CAT AND FROGGY THE GREMLIN .....

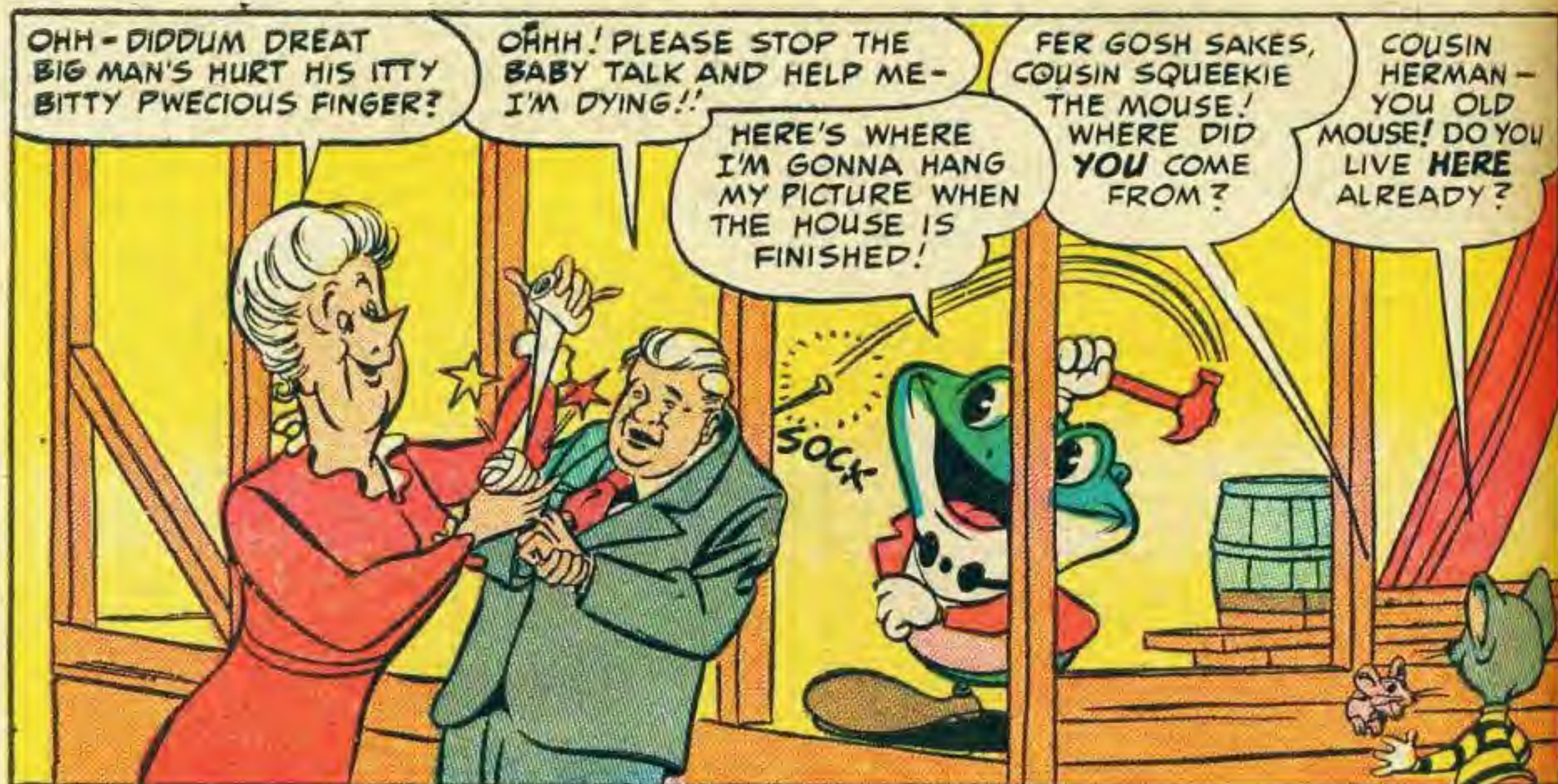












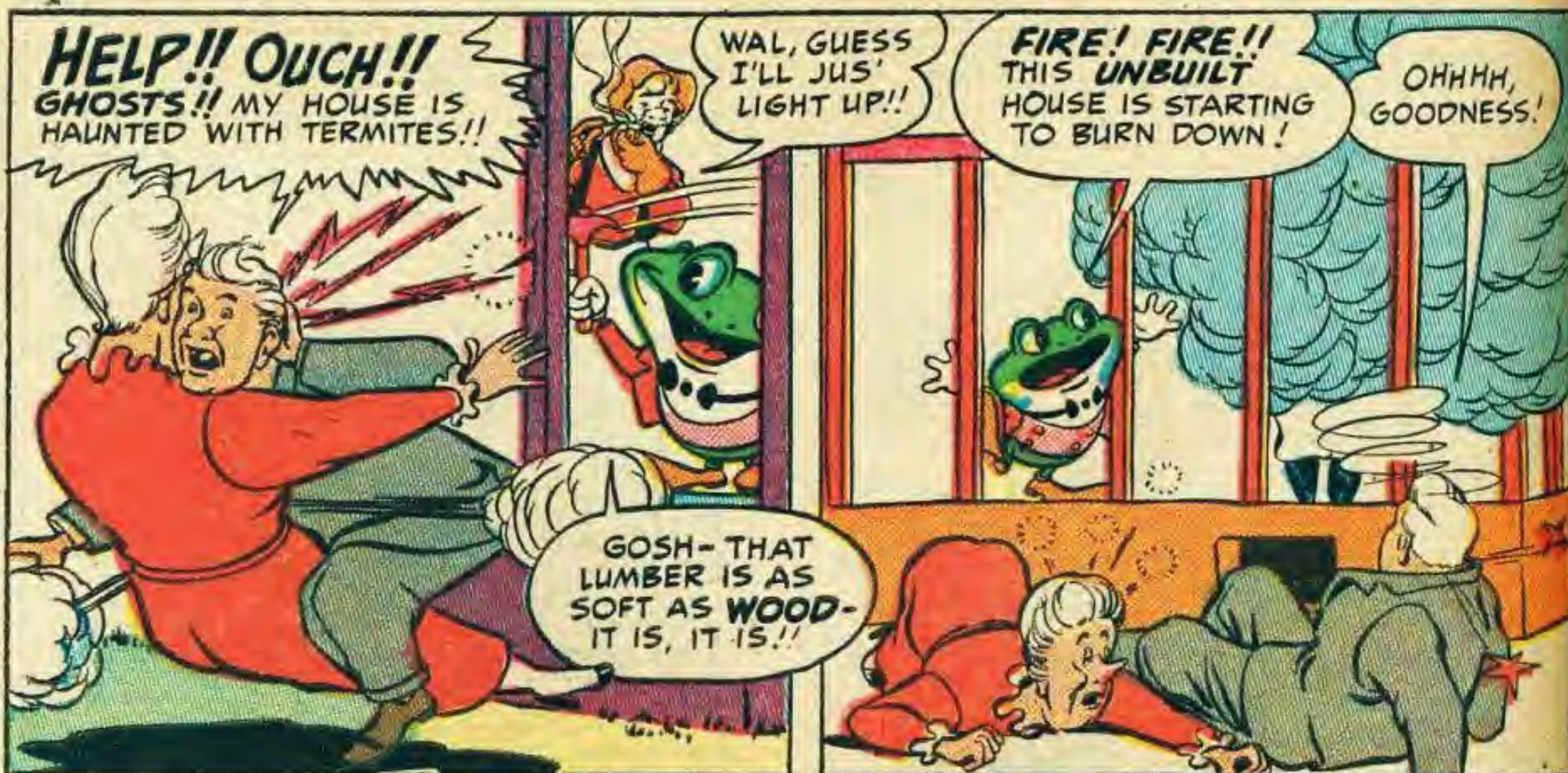
OHH - DIDDUM DREAT  
BIG MAN'S HURT HIS ITTY  
BITTY PWECIOUS FINGER?

OHHH! PLEASE STOP THE  
BABY TALK AND HELP ME -  
I'M DYING!!

HERE'S WHERE  
I'M GONNA HANG  
MY PICTURE WHEN  
THE HOUSE IS  
FINISHED!

FER GOSH SAKES,  
COUSIN SQUEEKIE  
THE MOUSE!  
WHERE DID  
**YOU** COME  
FROM?

COUSIN  
HERMAN -  
YOU OLD  
MOUSE! DO YOU  
LIVE **HERE**  
ALREADY?



**HELP!! OUCH!!**  
GHOSTS!! MY HOUSE IS  
HAUNTED WITH TERMITES!!

WAL, GUESS  
I'LL JUS'  
LIGHT UP!!

**FIRE! FIRE!!**  
THIS **UNBUILT**  
HOUSE IS STARTING  
TO BURN DOWN!

OHHHH,  
GOODNESS!

GOSH - THAT  
LUMBER IS AS  
SOFT AS **WOOD** -  
IT IS, IT IS!!



IT'S A BURNING  
**TAR FACTORY** -  
WITH PANTS!!

YER DROWNIN' ME,  
YA CRAZY COYOTE!

**SLOSH!**



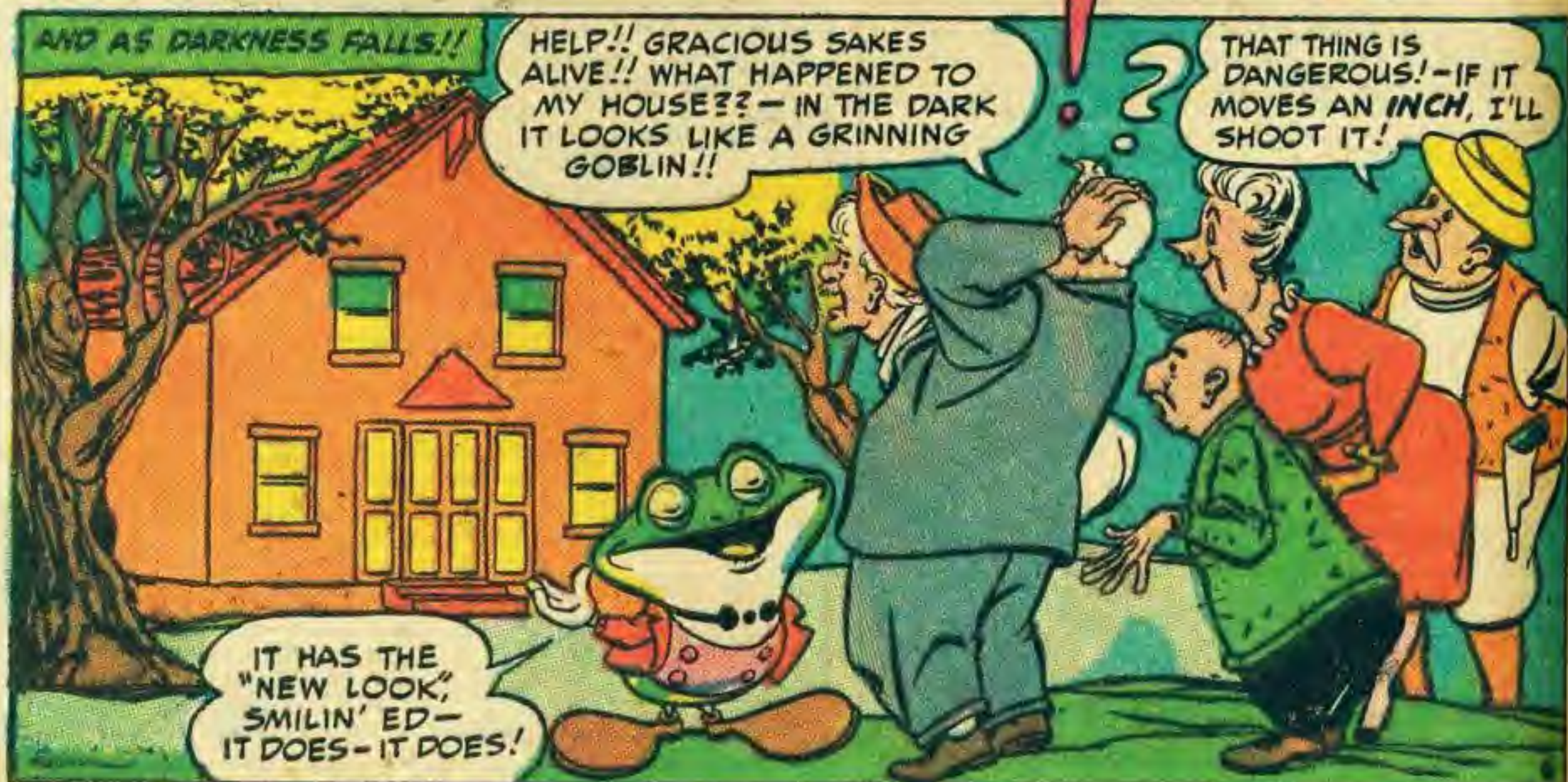
WHAT IN TARNATION D'YA  
**MEAN??** DOUSIN' MY  
PIPE JUST WHEN I'M  
FIRED UP GOOD!!

**ALKALI PETE!!**  
WAS THAT **YOU**  
UNDER THAT  
5-ALARM BLAZE??











BUT FROGGY'S PAINT TRICK IS SOON FORGOTTEN - AND EARLY THE NEXT DAY OUR FRIENDS ARE INSIDE THE HOUSE AND READY TO BEGIN PAPERING....









AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR SMILIN' ED TO MOVE INTO HIS NEW HOUSE... AND WHO'S IN THE TRUCK AND READY TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM BUT OUR OLD FRIEND GRANDY, THE PIANO...

WELL - WELL!! LOOK WHO'S HERE - IT'S GRANDY HIMSELF! OKAY, FAT BOY - LET'S GO!

NO!! - JUST FOR CALLING ME "FAT BOY," NOW I WON'T GO!! I'M MAD!!

WHAT A DEAR CHUBBY LITTLE GRAND!

**MOVE**

GET OUT OF THIS TRUCK, GRANDY!! - I SAID GET OUT!!

NO!! - I WILL NOT!! IF I NEVER MAKE ANOTHER SOUND IN A-SHARP, I WON'T BUDGE!

OKAY - THEN I'LL **FLATTEN** YOUR "A-SHARP"... THAT'LL MOVE YOU!!

OWW!! YOU HIT ME ON THE KEYBOARD!!

YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO DO THAT!!

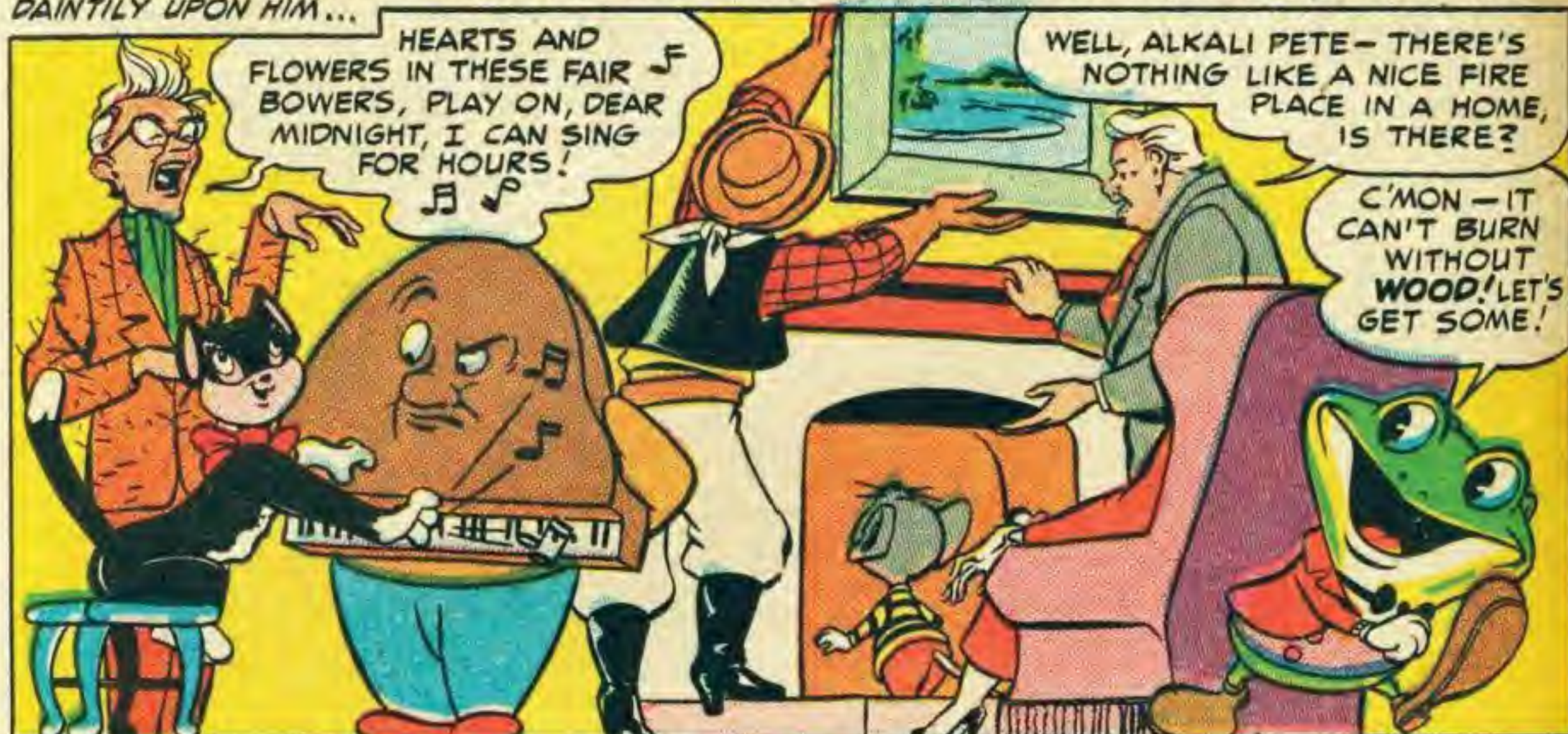
YOU CRAZY HOPPING MUSIC BOX... WE'LL STOP YOU WITH SOME WELL-AIMED ROCKS!

HA-  
HA-  
HA!!

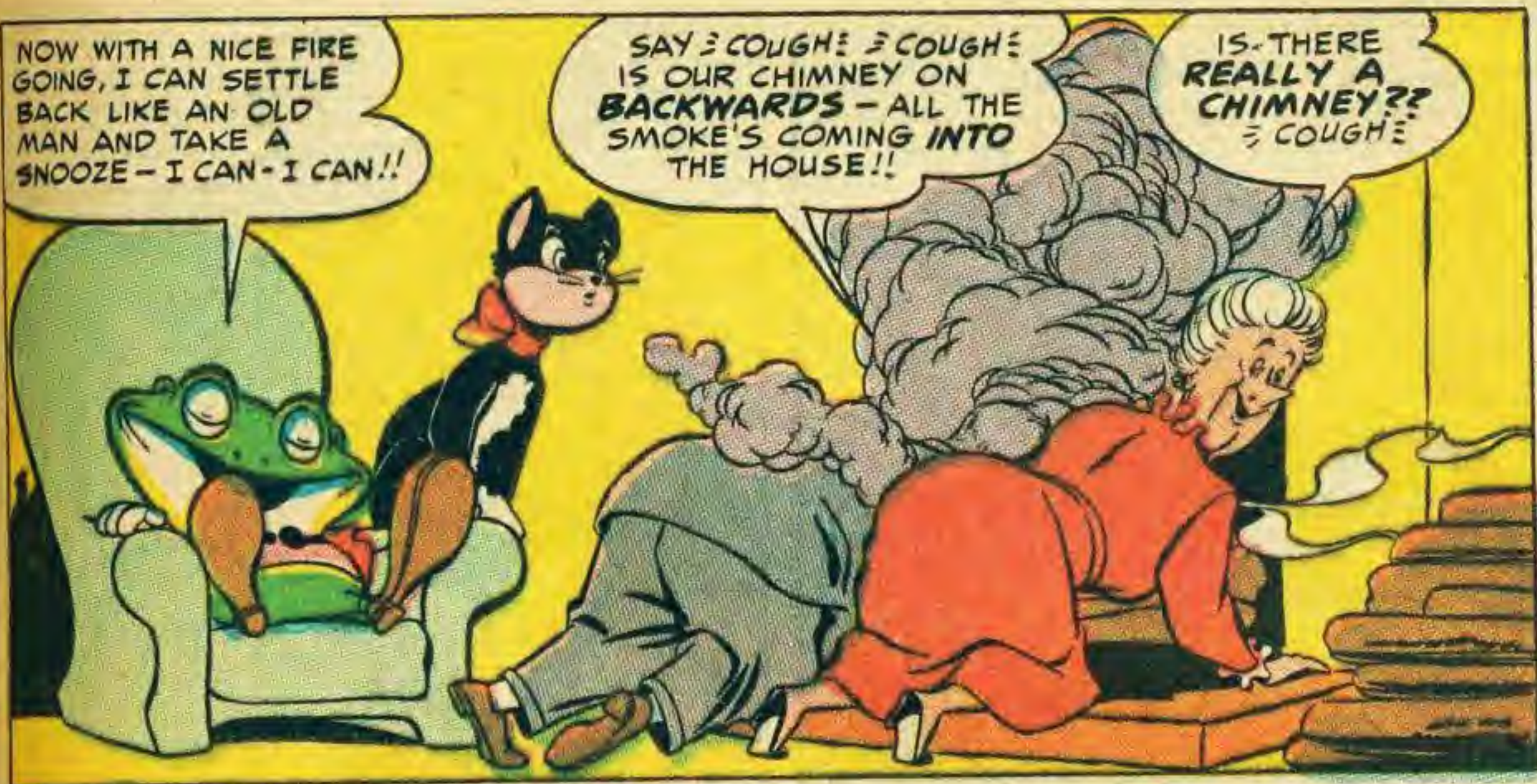
COME BACK HERE - YOU MAHOGANY NIGHTINGALE!!



BUT GRANDY IS FINALLY CAUGHT AND PUT IN THE HOUSE WHERE MIDNIGHT, THE CAT, NOW PLAYS DAINTILY UPON HIM...







NOW WITH A NICE FIRE GOING, I CAN SETTLE BACK LIKE AN OLD MAN AND TAKE A SNOOZE - I CAN - I CAN!!

SAY  $\text{COUGH}$   $\text{COUGH}$  IS OUR CHIMNEY ON **BACKWARDS** - ALL THE SMOKE'S COMING **INTO** THE HOUSE!!

IS THERE **REALLY** A CHIMNEY??  $\text{COUGH}$



$\text{COUGH}$   $\text{COUGH}$  OH - THIS IS TERRIBLE!

$\text{COUGH}$   $\text{COUGH}$  I'LL TRY TO GET UP ON THE ROOF AND SEE IF THE CHIMNEY'S BLOCKED!

COME RIGHT THIS WAY, SMILIN' ED!



WATCH THE **FIRST BIG STEP** - IT'S A BAD ONE! HEH - HEH!!

GOODNESS - THERE OUGHTA BE A HANDRAIL HERE!



BUT AFTER HE RECOVERS FROM HIS "BOUNCE" SMILIN' ED IS UP ON THE ROOF AT THE CHIMNEY...

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING BLOCKING THIS UP HERE --



GUESS I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK DOWN... **OOPS** - HERE I GO AGAIN!!





**HELP!! HELP!!**

I FELL INTO THE CHIMNEY -  
I'M COMING DOWN!!



MAYBE I'D BETTER  
**OPEN UP** THIS THING  
NOW... THERE...  
HEH - HEH!!

COUGH  
GRRRRR  
COUGH



SMILIN' ED MCCONNELL!!  
IS THAT **YOU??**  
WHAT SORT OF  
TRICK IS THIS??

HA-HA-HA!! WHEN THOSE  
FLAMES HIT HIM HE'S GOING  
OUT THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY  
LIKE A JET JOB!



STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE SMILIN' ED...  
I'M MEASURING YOU... HMMM... I  
GUESS YOU CAN COME DOWN THIS  
WAY... YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO  
UP THE CHIMNEY AGAIN...



GOOD GRIEF! - UNLESS I GET OUT OF  
THIS ROOM INSTANTLY, I'LL GO UP THE  
CHIMNEY!! - I'M GETTING DRESSED!



COME ON, PALS - WE DON'T WANTA BE LEFT BEHIND... LET'S GET DRESSED UP... FOR THE BIG HOUSEWARMING PARTY TONIGHT...

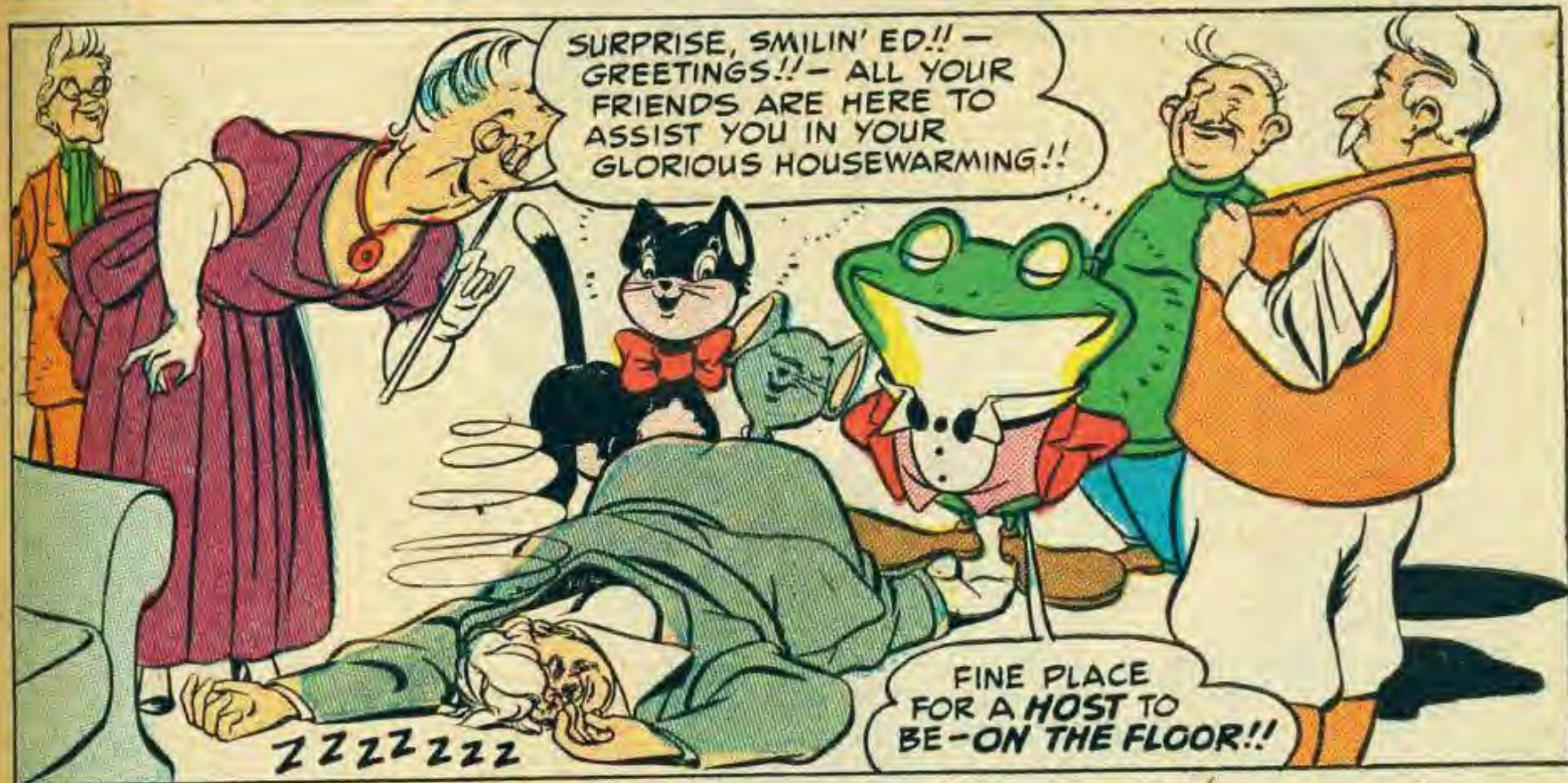
BUT SMILIN' ED IS STILL IN THE CHIMNEY -



OOOOOHHHH --- WHERE AM I?? -- MY BACK -- OHHHH -- MY HEAD -- OHHHH EVERYTHING!! WHERE'S EVERYBODY??



SURPRISE, SMILIN' ED!! - GREETINGS!! - ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE HERE TO ASSIST YOU IN YOUR GLORIOUS HOUSEWARMING!!



FINE PLACE FOR A HOST TO BE - ON THE FLOOR!!


FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW - FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW --- LONG LIVE SMILIN' ED McCONNELL, IN THIS THING HE CALLS A HOUSE!!



SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE, MIDNIGHT THE CAT, FROGGY THE GREMLIN, AND GRANDY THE PIANO  
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# IFRIT of the SILVER BOX



WELL, WELL, LITTLE MASTER,  
AGAIN YOU HAVE CALLED ME.  
YOU MUST BE TROUBLED ---  
HOW MAY I SERVE YOU NOW?

I WILL TELL YOU  
VERY SHORTLY, GOOD  
JINNI, --- JUST NOW  
I HEAR MY BROTHER  
SHARRKAN CALLING  
ME ....

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE  
PALACE OF SHARRKAN, A  
CALIPH OF BAGHDAD...  
SHARRKAN'S YOUNG BROTHER,  
PRINCE KULAH, IS IN TROUBLE  
AND SEEKS HELP. WHEN HE  
LIFTS THE LID FROM A SMALL  
EARTHEN JUG A GREAT  
CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE  
COMES FORTH, AND IN IT  
THE FIGURE OF A MIGHTY  
JINNI TAKES SHAPE...





BUT, BROTHER SHARRKAN, WHY DO YOU ASK ME TO DRESS IN THESE SILLY CLOTHES?

BECAUSE, KULAH, WE ARE TO VISIT THE PASHA OF BAKIR AND WE MUST APPEAR AT OUR BEST.



BUT WHY DO WE GO TO VISIT THE PASHA OF BAKIR?

WE GO TO SEE A STRANGE LITTLE SILVER MUSIC BOX WHICH WAS SENT THE PASHA BY SOMEONE UNKNOWN. IT PLAYS CURIOUS MUSIC, YET ITS INSIDE IS EMPTY. IT HOLDS NO WORKS OF ANY KIND. THE PASHA THOUGHT THAT YOUR JINNI'S MAGIC MIGHT SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

MEANWHILE, AT THEIR PALACE, THE PASHA OF BAKIR AND HIS WIFE, LEBA LOOK IN CURIOUS WONDER AT THE LITTLE SILVER BOX.



SOMEHOW THE MUSICAL MAGIC OF THAT LITTLE BOX FRIGHTENS ME. LET US GET RID OF IT AT ONCE.

NO, NO, MY DEAR LEBA, WHO KNOWS--IT MAY BE OF SOME GREAT VALUE, PERHAPS MY FRIEND, THE CALIPH OF BAGHDAD, WHO KNOWS SO MUCH OF MAGIC, MAY BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN ITS POWERS. AND NOW I THINK I SHALL RAISE THE COVER AGAIN AND HEAR THE ENTRANCING TUNE.



NO, NO, MY GOOD HUSBAND! PLEASE! IT IS ACCURSED! DO NOT OPEN THE BOX!

BUT MY DEAR WIFE, NOT ONCE HAVE WE FULLY OPENED IT, WE HAVE BEEN TOO FRIGHTENED AT THE FIRST SOUND OF THE MUSIC. NOW, THIS TIME I MEAN TO LEAVE IT OPEN THAT I MAY STUDY THE INSIDE WELL BEFORE MY GOOD FRIEND, SHARRKAN ARRIVES.





OH, THAT  
AWFUL THING!  
**WHAT IS  
IT?** IT  
CAME FROM  
THE BOX!

WHAT A  
HORRIBLE  
FORMLESS  
LITTLE  
CREATURE!

I am free at  
last! I am  
free at  
last!

OH, HELP  
ME! I  
CANNOT MOVE!  
IT IS AS THOUGH  
I HAVE SUDDENLY  
TURNED TO  
STONE!



AND I, TOO! I  
CANNOT MOVE  
A MUSCLE! HELP  
ME, MY  
SERVANTS,  
HELP ME!

It will do you no good,  
for now the silver box  
plays and the music casts  
a spell over all the palace!  
Your unfortunate servants  
will sleep **FOREVER!**  
But you two shall be  
free as the wind!



**THERE**, my  
beautiful lady!  
You will be  
free to romp  
and play as a  
lovely white  
**CAT!**



And **THERE**, my proud  
Pasha of Bakir! You  
will be free, too, - but  
you will romp and  
play as a handsome  
white dog!







AND AS SHARRKAN AND KULAH ENTER THE PALACE, THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY THE WHITE DOG AND CAT.

THEY SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONES AWAKE!

YES, AND WHERE COULD THE PASHA AND HIS WIFE BE? IT'S VERY STRANGE THAT THEY AREN'T SOMEWHERE AROUND!



OH, SHARRKAN, THIS MUST BE THE MAGIC BOX-- ISN'T IT PLAYING PRETTY MUSIC-- AND I'M GETTING SO SLEEPY!

SINCE THE PASHA HAS DISAPPOINTED US LIKE THIS, I THINK WE'D BETTER RETURN HOME... I'M NO LONGER INTERESTED IN MUSIC!



AND AS KULAH DRAWS THE TOP FROM THE MAGIC JUG THE USUAL BLACK SMOKE GUSHES FORTH--AND IN IT APPEARS THE MIGHTY AND VERY REAL FIGURE OF THE HAPPY JINNI...

WELL, WELL, LITTLE MASTER AGAIN YOU CALL ME FROM MY TINY PRISON! BUT WHY-- AND HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?

BACK HOME AGAIN, KULAH GOES TO THE CABINET THAT HOLDS THE JUG WHICH HOUSES THE MAGIC JINNI...

I AM SURE MY JINNI WILL ENJOY HEARING ABOUT OUR STRANGE VISIT TO THE PASHA'S PALACE.



OH, JINNI... I WANTED TO TELL YOU OF OUR STRANGE VISIT TO THE PALACE OF THE PASHA OF BAKIR!





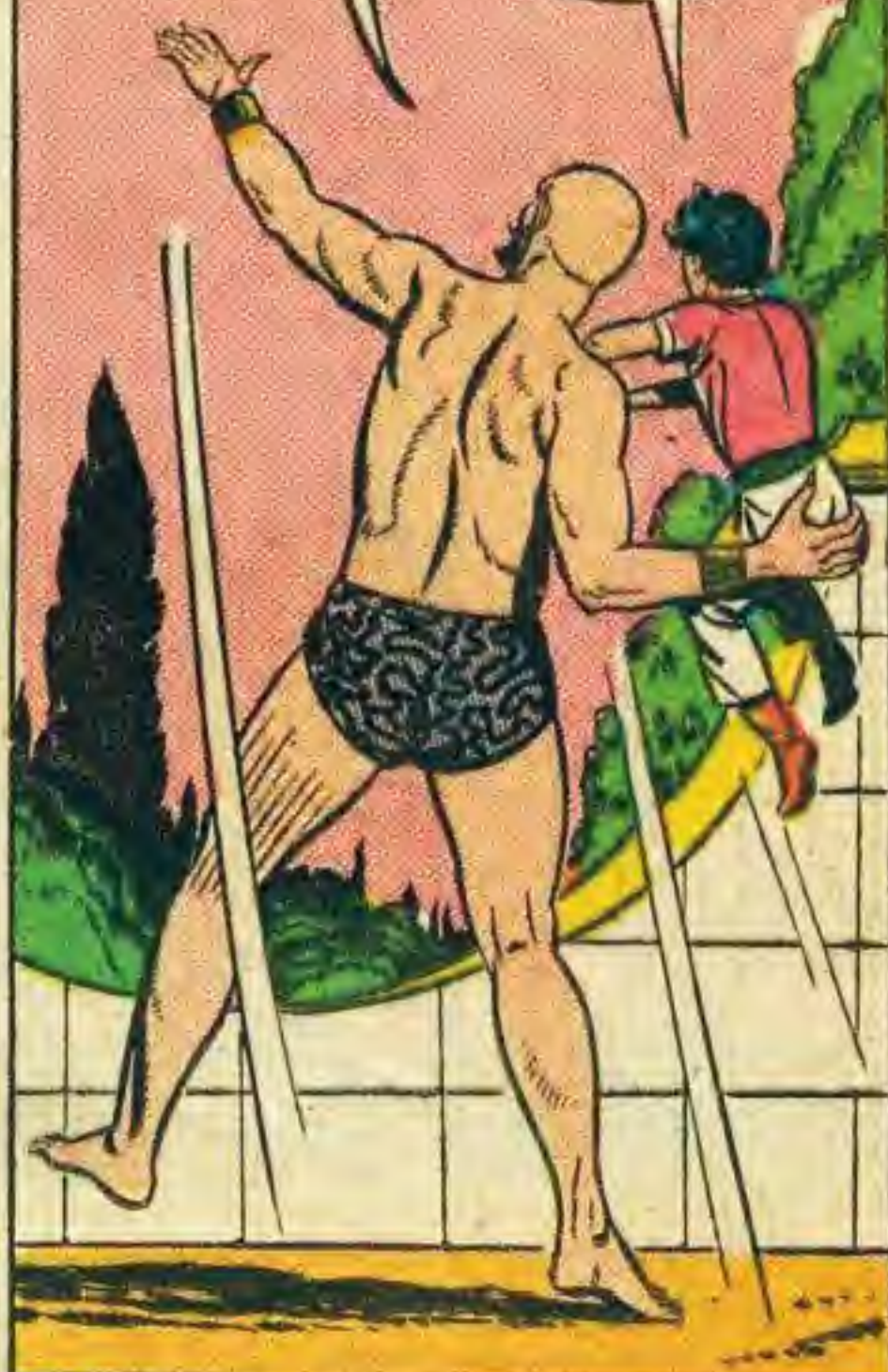
LITTLE MASTER,  
IN MY MIND I SEE  
THE PASHA'S PALACE,  
AND I KNOW THERE IS  
SOMETHING STRANGE  
ABOUT THE WHITE  
DOG AND CAT THAT  
ROMP THERE,  
RIGHT NOW.

I FELT THE SAME WAY, JINNI!  
COME - LET'S YOU AND I GO  
BACK THERE NOW WITHOUT  
TELLING ANYONE ELSE! I'M SURE  
THERE'S A MYSTERY THAT  
PERHAPS YOUR MAGIC CAN  
SOLVE



VERY WELL, LITTLE  
FRIEND, HOLD ON  
TIGHTER FOR WE  
ARE GOING TO TRAVEL  
FASTER THAN  
ANYTHING YOU  
EVER SAW!

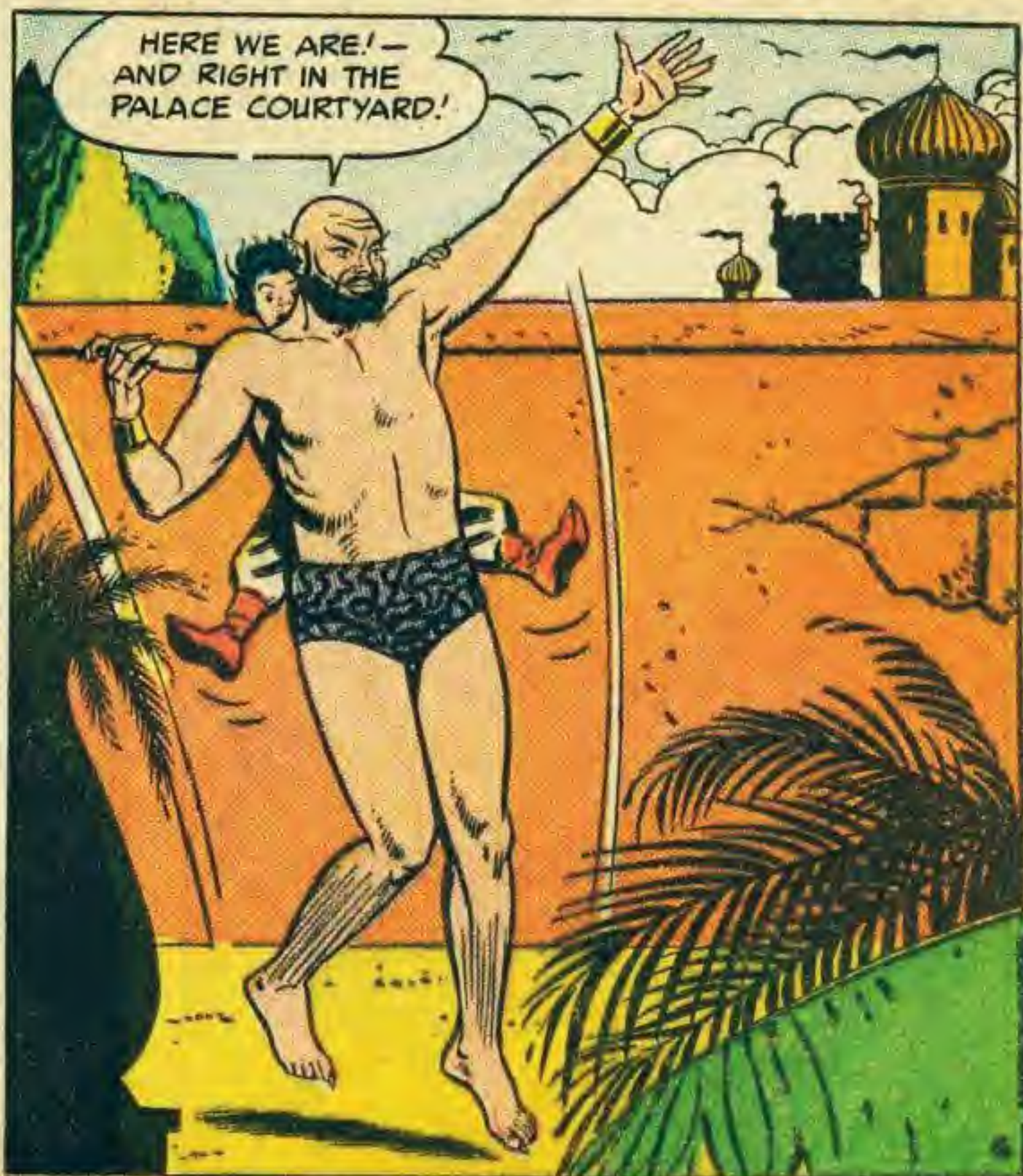
DON'T  
DROP ME,  
JINNI!



AND WITH KULAH CLINGING TO HIS  
BACK, THE JINNI SOARS INTO THE  
SKIES AND STREAKS TOWARD THE  
PALACE OF THE PASHA ...



HERE WE ARE! -  
AND RIGHT IN THE  
PALACE COURTYARD!







SEE, LITTLE MASTER, THE LITTLE BOX THAT MAKES THE MUSIC! THAT IS THE SOURCE OF THE SLEEPY MAGIC THAT HOLDS THE PALACE SERVANTS IN ITS GRIP! CLOSE THE COVER - QUICKLY!

Meow--thank you--thank you for stopping that dreadful music--meow!

WHAT! WHO'S THAT? - IT SOUNDED LIKE THE CAT!

IT WAS THE CAT, LITTLE FRIEND! I TOLD YOU THERE WAS BLACK MAGIC HERE!



BUT JINNI, HOW DO WE KNOW WHERE TO SEARCH FOR THE IFRIT?

THE MUSIC OF THE BOX IS THE MUSIC OF THE SEA. WE WILL TAKE IT TO THE SEASHORE - THERE THE SLEEP SPELL CANNOT AFFECT US. WE WILL OPEN THE BOX AND I SUSPECT THE IFRIT WILL COME TO US WHEN HE HEARS HIS MUSIC PLAYING. HOP UP, LITTLE MASTER, HERE WE GO AGAIN!

Pity us - are we not sorry looking figures? - for I am really the Pasha of Bakir, and this cat is my lovely wife. Both of us have been changed into animals by a terrible creature that came from the silver box.

AIE! I KNOW HIM WELL! HE IS CALLED THE IFRIT OF THE SILVER BOX AND THE LONGER HE REMAINS OUT OF THE BOX, THE STRONGER HE BECOMES-- SO WE MUST HUNT HIM DOWN AT ONCE AND PUT HIM BACK WHERE HE BELONGS!





AND OFF AGAIN INTO THE SKIES GOES THE JINNI WITH HIS CLINGING CARGO...

AIE! I NEARLY FORGOT TO LIFT THE SLEEP SPELL FROM THE PALACE SERVANTS. ONE OF MY THUNDERBOLTS WILL DO THE JOB!



THE JINNI'S TREMENDOUS SPEED BRINGS THEM TO THE SEASHORE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS....



NOW— WITH THE MUSIC COMING FROM HIS BOX THE IFRIT SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MOMENT— AND THEN, WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE!



SUDDENLY, A SNARLING LAUGH ANNOUNCES THE IFRIT'S PRESENCE AS THE ODD-SHAPED CREATURE WHISKS INTO VIEW.

Who tampers with my silver box? Who dares to tempt my wrath like this?



HEAR ME, OH EVIL IFRIT! GET INTO YOUR SILVER BOX—OR I WILL DESTROY YOU RIGHT NOW!





We'll **SEE WHO** will be destroyed! Take that, monster! Have a taste of my magic - and then crawl back into your jug!



HIS MAGIC CAN'T HURT **YOU**, JINNI! **FIGHT HIM!** FIGHT HIM!



BACK! BACK, YOU EVIL CREATURE OF THE DEPTHS! GET BACK INTO YOUR BOX! MINE IS GREATER MAGIC AND I CAN DESTROY YOU AT WILL!

AND IN A TWISTING, WHIRLING PLUNGE OF DEFEAT, THE POWERLESS IFRIT DROPS TOWARD THE BOX ...

THAT SHOWS YOU WHO IS THE MASTER, THING OF THE DARKNESS! GET IN THERE!







AND ONCE AGAIN IN THEIR HUMAN FORMS, THE GRATEFUL PASHA AND HIS LOVELY WIFE BESTOW THEIR THANKS ON YOUNG KULAH AND HIS WONDERFUL JINNI...





# DESERT RAIDERS

GREETINGS, GOOD HUSBAND.  
WE ARE SO HAPPY TO SEE  
YOU RETURN SAFELY.

I BRING **BAD** NEWS, MY LOVED ONES!  
I DELIVERED THE HORSES THAT WE SOLD  
TO THE SULTAN, AND AS YOU KNOW, THERE  
WERE THREE MARES AND A YOUNG  
STALLION. AS I BROUGHT THEM INTO  
THE STABLE-YARD, THE STALLION  
FELL TO THE GROUND -- **DEAD!**

HO, FATHER! WHAT  
GOOD NEWS DO YOU  
BRING FROM THE  
SULTAN OF  
SULEEM?

ALI BEN FOUSSA, DESERT CHIEFTAIN, RIDES  
INTO HIS CAMP WHERE HE IS AWAITED BY HIS  
LOVELY WIFE AND HIS YOUNG SON, BABA.



DEAD? BUT WHY SHOULD THE STALLION DIE? HE WAS YOUNG AND STRONG AND NEARLY AS GOOD A HORSE AS HIS FATHER, MY OWN GREAT SHEIK.

OF COURSE THE MONEY FOR THE STALLION MUST BE RETURNED TO THE SULTAN, AT ONCE... SINCE HE DIDN'T GET THE HORSE.

BUT YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN, GOOD WIFE, WE HAVE ALREADY SPENT THE GOLD THAT THE SULTAN GAVE US FOR THE HORSES. WE'VE BOUGHT CLOTH FOR THE ROBES AND VEILS, POWDER FOR OUR GUNS AND SALT FOR OUR FOOD.

BUT WE MUST RETURN EITHER THE SULTAN'S GOLD OR GIVE HIM ANOTHER STALLION.

VERY TRUE, BABA, AND BECAUSE OF MY TUAREG HONOR, I HAVE ALREADY PROMISED THE SULTAN THAT HE WILL RECEIVE EITHER HIS MONEY OR YOUR STALLION, SHEIK, TOMORROW. I WILL TAKE TEN OF OUR FINEST CAMELS AND WILL TRY TO SELL THEM FOR ONE-TENTH OF THEIR VALUE IN ORDER TO GET MONEY FOR THE SULTAN.

THAT DEAD STALLION WAS THE FINEST WE HAD EXCEPT, OF COURSE, MY OWN HORSE, SHEIK.



AND MOUNTED ON HIS OWN FINE TUAREG CAMEL, ALI BEN FOUSSA LEAVES FOR THE CAMEL MARKET IN THE CITY.



LATER... HIS CAMELS SOLD AND CARRYING A SMALL BAG OF GOLD, ALI BEN FOUSSA IS RETURNING HOME, WHEN, SUDDENLY HE IS SURPRISED BY A GROUP OF DESERT RAIDERS... A SHOT IS FIRED...





BADLY OUTNUMBERED,  
THE DESERT CHIEFTAIN  
FLEES AS HE RETURNS  
THE FIRE OF HIS  
PURSUERS...



A RIFLE BALL THUDS INTO  
ALI'S SHOULDER...



WITH ITS WOUNDED MASTER SLUMPED HEAVILY  
IN THE SADDLE, THE FINE TUAREG CAMEL SHOWS  
ITS SPEED AS IT EASILY OUTDISTANCES ITS  
PURSUERS IN THE RACE FOR LIFE...



ON REACHING CAMP THE SIGHT OF THE HELPLESS  
ALI BEN FOUSSA CAUSES YOUNG BABA AND  
HIS MOTHER TO COME RUNNING...



ROBBERS...I HAVE BEEN  
SHOT... I AM TOO WEAK TO  
RIDE-- BUT THE SULTAN  
MUST HAVE HIS MONEY  
BY SUNDOWN OR YOUR  
GREAT STALLION, SHEIK,  
MUST BE GIVEN  
TO HIM...

BUT, BABA, I AM  
AFRAID. THE DESERT  
RAIDERS MIGHT  
KILL YOU!

FATHER, LET ME  
TAKE THE MONEY TO  
THE SULTAN. MY FAST  
HORSE, SHEIK, CAN  
EASILY GET ME THERE  
BY SUNDOWN  
TOMORROW.



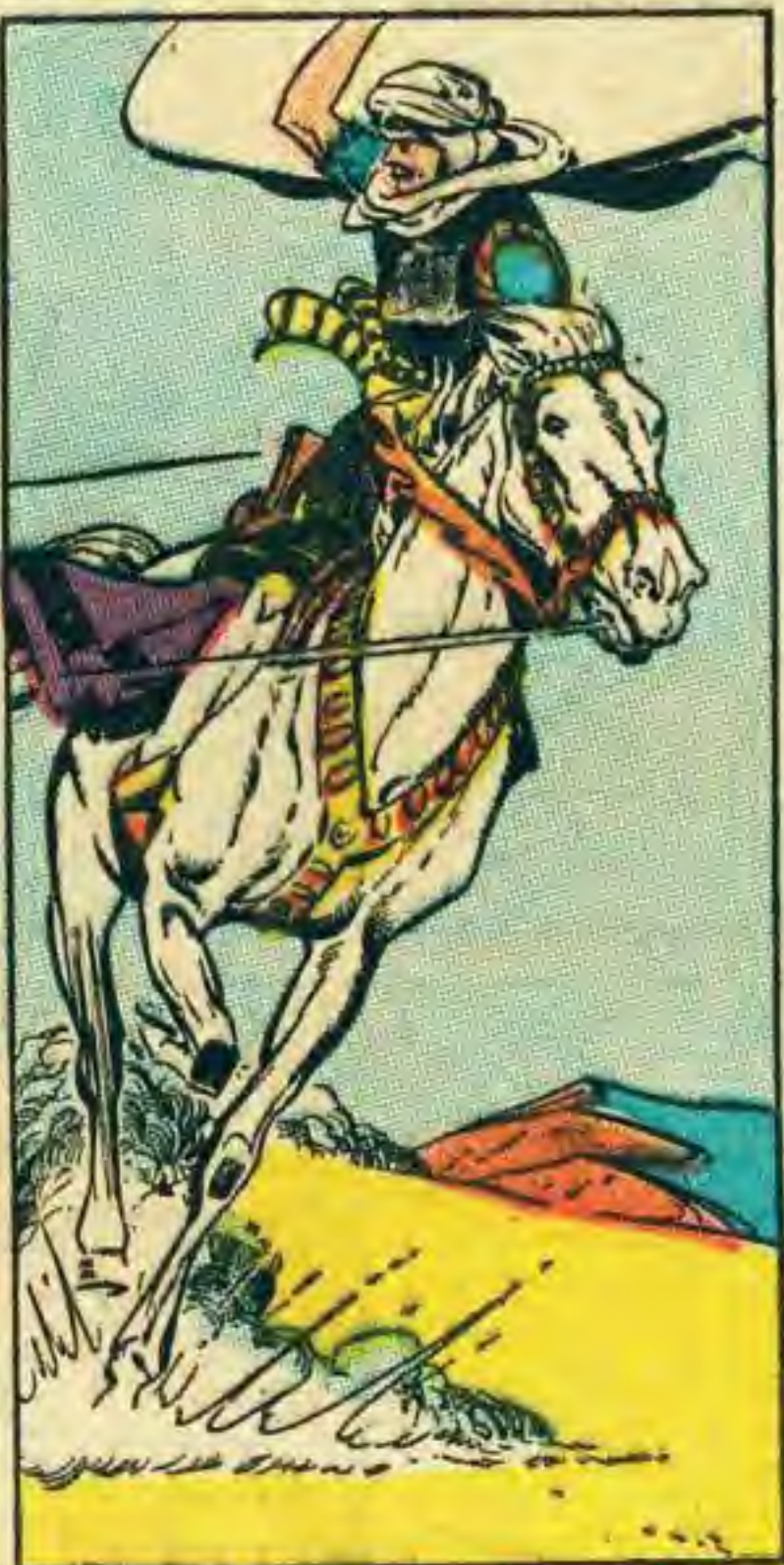


WE MUST LET BABA GO, MOTHER, WE CANNOT REFUSE HIM THIS CHANCE TO DELIVER THE MONEY AND KEEP HIS OWN FINE HORSE!

VERY WELL THEN, MY SON, GO--AND MAY ALLAH BE WITH THEE AND KEEP THEE SAFE.



AND WITH THE BAG OF GOLD TIED TO HIS SADDLE, DARING YOUNG BABA IS OFF ACROSS THE LONELY DESERT BOUND FOR THE SULTAN OF SULEEM'S PALACE.



AS DARKNESS FALLS, BABA MOUNTS A DESERT RISE, AND TO HIS SURPRISE, HIS EYES BEHOLD A DESERT ENCAMPMENT.



RIDING INTO THE CAMP THE BOY IS ROUGHLY GREETED BY THE CHIEFTAIN WHO IS VEILED AND HEAVILY ARMED.

I SAW YOUR CAMP FROM A DISTANCE. I COME TO ASK FOR FOOD FOR MYSELF AND MY HORSE AND A PLACE TO REST FOR AN HOUR!

VERY WELL, DISMOUNT. BAALID, TAKE HIS HORSE.



LOOK HERE, BOY OF THE TUAREG! MAYBE YOU FORGET, BUT ONCE BEFORE YOU CAUSED MY BITTER DEFEAT, AND NOW YOU WALK RIGHT INTO MY HANDS. THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT LEAVE HERE--ALIVE!

WHO - WHO ARE YOU?





HA! HA! HA! WHO AM I, HE ASKS! LOOK CLOSER... DO YOU KNOW ME NOW, YOUTH?

HASSIM! HASSIM THE BEDOUIN! QUICKLY, SHEIK!! FLY! HOME!



BAH! THE CURSE OF ALLAH UPON YOU, WHELP! BUT YOU DON'T GET AWAY! AND I WILL GET THAT FINE HORSE OF YOURS YET! BAALID, TIE THIS ONE UP AND THROW HIM IN THE TENT WITH THE OTHER!



WHILE BACK AT THE CAMP OF ALI BEN FOUSSA, THE WOUNDED CHIEFTAN WALKS WITH HIS WIFE.

AH, GOOD WIFE, MY WOUND DOESN'T TROUBLE ME AS MUCH NOW AS MY CONCERN FOR BABA.

THE BOY IS A COURAGEOUS SON OF THE TUAREG, AND WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT HE IS WELL.



LOOK!.. IT IS SHEIK, BABA'S HORSE! HE RETURNS WITHOUT HIM!

OH! MY SON! MY SON! NOW I KNOW THAT WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED HIM TO GO!



HO, MEN... MEN OF THE TUAREG! TO YOUR HORSES... WE RIDE!





SHEIK! GOOD SHEIK! GO  
FIND BABA! FIND BABA!



FASTER MEN! FASTER!  
WE MUST STAY ON THE HEELS  
OF THE FLYING SHEIK!



MEANWHILE, IN THE TENT WHERE HE LIES  
TIGHTLY BOUND, BABA SLOWLY REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND ANOTHER CAPTIVE  
IN THE TENT WITH HIM... IT IS NONE OTHER THAN  
THE SULTAN OF SULEEM.

EXCELLENCY... YOU!  
ARE YOU, TOO, A  
PRISONER HERE IN  
THE CAMP OF  
HASSIM THE  
BEDOUIN?

BUT THIS IS NOT  
THE CAMP OF HASSIM...  
THIS IS THE CAMP OF MY  
OWN CARAVAN. WE WERE  
RETURNING FROM  
TIMBUCTU - OUR CAMELS  
LOADED WITH COSTLY SILKS  
WHEN HASSIM AND HIS  
RAIDERS CAPTURED US...  
I HOPE SOMEONE WAS  
WITH YOU AND ESCAPED  
TO GET HELP!



I WAS ALONE..  
BUT I THINK MY  
LOYAL HORSE,  
SHEIK, MAY  
SPEED HELP  
TO US.

I'M AFRAID YOUR  
HORSE WILL DO NOTHING  
OF THE KIND, YOUTH. YOU  
AND THE ESTEEMED SULTAN  
ARE BIGGER GAME THAN I,  
HASSIM, HOPED TO CAPTURE  
IN ANY ONE DAY!





YOUR SHARP TONGUE  
WILL GET YOU NOWHERE,  
TUAREG, AND MANY  
FINE HORSES AND  
CAMELS WILL YOUR  
FATHER GIVE ME  
OR HE WILL NEVER  
SEE YOU ALIVE  
AGAIN! AS FOR  
YOU, EXCELLENCY,  
IT WILL TAKE MUCH  
MONEY AND PRECIOUS  
JEWELS TO SAVE YOU!

I WOULD  
RATHER DIE  
THAN PAY YOU  
ONE PENNY, AND  
MY PEOPLE  
WILL MAKE  
YOU REGRET  
THIS!



HASSIM! HASSIM!  
ACROSS THE  
DESERT COMES  
THE WHITE  
STALLION OF  
THE TUAREG BOY—  
AND BEHIND HIM  
COME MANY  
HORSEMEN!

AGAIN WE  
MUST TURN  
BACK THE  
ACCURSED  
TUAREG!  
QUICKLY, BAALID,  
ROUSE THE MEN!



IT IS OUR CHANCE, EXCELLENCY!  
PERHAPS WE CAN LOOSEN  
THE BONDS ON EACH OTHER.  
THIS IS A FIGHT IN WHICH  
I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN.



AND IN THE HEAD-ON CHARGE, THE GREAT  
WHITE SHEIK LEADS THE TUAREG WARRIORS.



WITH BLAZING EYES, SHEIK RAGES THROUGH THE  
EMBATTLED CAMP UNTIL HE SENSES THE TENT THAT  
HOLDS HIS YOUNG MASTER. TRUMPETING VICTORY, HE  
CRASHES THE ENCLOSURE WITH HIS HEART NEARLY  
BURSTING AT THE SIGHT OF BABA!





OH, SHEIK! GOOD SHEIK!  
IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY  
YOU COULD BREAK THESE BONDS!



IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, TUAREG  
YOUTH -- YOUR WISE HORSE HAS  
BROUGHT YOUR WARRIORS BUT  
NOW YOU WILL **DIE** --- AND  
THE SULTAN WILL DIE WITH YOU!

STRIKE,  
SHEIK!  
STRIKE!



AND THE FLYING HOOVES BASH HASSIM TO THE  
GROUND -- A QUIVERING, HELPLESS HULK AT THE  
MERCY OF THE ENRAGED HORSE.



HOLD, SHEIK!  
ENOUGH! DO  
NOT KILL HIM!

AND WITH HASSIM UNCONSCIOUS, THE LOYAL  
HORSE NOW BITES AT THE ROPES THAT BIND  
BABA.

GOOD SHEIK!  
YOU ARE BREAKING  
THE ROPES!

WONDERFUL!  
WONDERFUL!







THERE, EXCELLENCY!  
NOW YOU ARE FREE!  
I MUST JOIN MY  
CHIEFTAIN. FATHER...  
I BELONG AT HIS  
SIDE IN BATTLE!

YOU CAN ALWAYS  
CONSIDER ME  
YOUR GOOD FRIEND,  
BABA OF THE TUAREGS!



BUT BABA HAS BARELY TIME TO REACH THE FIGHTING  
WHEN HE IS BACK ONCE AGAIN WITH THE SURPRISED  
SULTAN.

VICTORY HAS  
COME TO OUR TUAREG  
FORCE, EXCELLENCY! BUT  
BEFORE WE FORGET--WE  
HAVE SOMETHING FOR **YOU**...

FOR ME? BUT  
YOU HAVE  
ALREADY SAVED  
MY LIFE!



HERE-- THIS GOLD IS  
FOR YOU, EXCELLENCY!  
THE TUAREG ALWAYS  
PAYS HIS HONORABLE  
DEBTS. WE OWE THIS  
FOR THE HORSE  
WHICH DIED.

NO! NO! I  
WANT YOU TO  
HAVE THE GOLD...



... IT IS MY GIFT TO YOU AND IT IS  
LITTLE ENOUGH REWARD FOR ONE OF  
SUCH HONOR AND COURAGE. I AM  
PROUD THAT I CAN CALL YOU FRIEND.

THE END



# Buddies! Sweethearts!

## SHOW YOUR MOM WHY THIS IS TRUE!



"FIRST OF ALL, BUSTER BROWN SHOES ARE SHAPED TO FIT! THEY'RE MADE ON 'LIVE FOOT' LASTS, JUST THE SHAPE OF YOUR OWN FEET, SO YOUR SHOES ALWAYS GIVE SNUG SUPPORT WHERE YOU NEED IT!"



"THEN THE BUSTER BROWN SHOEMAN CAREFULLY MEASURES THE LENGTH AND WIDTH OF BOTH YOUR FEET. HE GIVES YOU THE RIGHT SIZE, LEAVING THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF 'WIGGLE-ROOM' AT THE TOES."



"HEEL FIT IS CHECKED, TOO, TO MAKE SURE IT'S WIDE ENOUGH AT THE BOTTOM AND SNUG ENOUGH AT THE TOP. YOUR BUSTER BROWN SALESMAN WOULD RATHER MISS A SALE THAN SEND YOU OUT IN A SHOE THAT'S NOT RIGHT FOR YOUR FOOT."



"THAT'S WHY YOU GET A SHOE THAT FEELS AS GOOD AS IT IS GOOD FOR YOU. AND YOUR BUSTER BROWN SHOEMAN ALSO CAN TELL MOTHER WHEN YOUR SHOE SIZE WILL NEED RE-CHECKING."



# BUSTER BROWN'S Jingle Bells Jubilee

Get new Buster Browns for Christmas now, during the Jingle Bells Jubilee, kids! The name of your Buster Brown shoeman is on the cover of this book. Ask Mom to bring you in today for wonderful Buster Brown Christmas shoes!

